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J. HOWARD PAYNE.  
By a Correspondent of the Cotton Plant.  
As I sit in my garret here (in Washington) watching the course of great men and the destiny of party, I meet often with strange contradictions in this eventful life.

The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home!' I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I have often spent whole days in his apartment.

Second Rate vs First Rate.  
The following is a bit of Thackeray's humor, and is very good if not first rate. I have had a taste for the second rate in life.

Hon. George Bancroft recently delivered a lecture before the New York Historical Society, in which the following eloquent tribute is paid to the philosopher Franklin:

Not half of Franklin's merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of that great design at Albany, and in New York he lifted up his voice.

A THOUGHT OF SPRING.

Sweet Spring! they call thee beautiful and gay,  
And hail thy coming with songs of mirth;  
'Tis well for them the lovely pass away,  
We should rejoice if they return to earth.

'Tis well—yet stay, How shall our joy abide  
When thou dost come without the dear departed,  
Who went with thee when last thy fragrance died  
Upon the air—the loved, the gentle hearted!

O'er the far hills, and by the singing brook,  
Along the leaping waves, and verdant plain,  
And through the long, still, starry night we look  
For them. Oh, wilt thou bring them back again?

Vain yearnings of a dreaming soul! Know, that  
When  
Immortal beauty finds a home immortal  
As itself, it ne'er shall wander back again  
To pass, in strife, through death's most kindly portal.

Amid the fever of bewildering dreams,  
The long agony of unceasing thought,  
And the spirit's struggle for ideal realms,  
Mocked and baffled by the beauty that it sought!

Yet thou, sweet Spring, dost bring the beautiful  
To every spot 'er which thy footsteps stray;  
But would not every spot be cold and dull  
If there the light of Memory did not play?

Is not thy verdure brightest on the grave?  
Thy flowers fairest round some dear remembered place,  
And stars look sweetest on the dim; blue wave  
That wraps the form we gave to its embrace.  
O. I. T.

Address of the Lawrence County  
Agricultural Society.  
FELLOW CITIZENS OF LAWRENCE COUNTY:—It appears by a resolution adopted by the Lawrence County Agricultural Society at its last meeting in Ironton, that we were constituted a committee to which a portion of the duties assigned was to prepare for publication an address to the citizens of Lawrence county on the subject of agriculture and its kindred sciences.

Manure! fills debtor: to 40 loads manure, 25c per load, \$10; interest on purchase money, taxes and repairs \$3; seed, cultivating and harvesting \$5—total expenses per acre \$18. Credit by 35 bushels of corn, 25c per bushel, \$8.75. This leaves a profit of seven dollars per acre.

and it is just as natural as life for a man soon as he joins an agricultural society for a farmer, to say, 'I must make, and save all the manure I possibly can and haul it on my fields, which must be made rich and productive. I have a dollar at stake. I would not mind that, however, but my reputation as a farmer is at stake also, and if I had not joined it would have been quite as bad, for neighbor Wiseman has already commenced hauling out that big pile of manure that has been rotting his barn stalls and miring his cattle for years, and I would not be excelled by such a sloven as he is for the price of a horse.

Another cause of complaint is that not less than 5 acres of wheat or corn can be entered for premiums. This at once excludes all our middle or lower classes of farmers, as none but those who have 100 acres and large herds of stock can make enough manure to enrich 5 acres sufficiently to give any hopes of competing successfully with those great stock raisers of the Scioto and Miami Valleys.

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Well, well says the old man who had always been content when making but 75 cents profit per acre, 'I can well afford me to pay my dollar to the society, for by joining I have made \$145 as slick as a whistle.'

While in Columbus we observed a trifling note from a cord of these reports and other public documents lying there that belonged to this county. The fault, however, that year (tho' really in the General Assembly) was apparently in the printer as he did not print the reports until several months after the Assembly had adjourned and the members had come home. It was the duty of that body to see to that matter, and have the printing done for the distribution of those reports before the Legislature adjourned.

It will be but a few years, as strange as it may now appear, before all, or nearly all, of our farms may be profitably converted into fruit-orchards, and market gardens. The constant and increasing demand for fruit in our towns and cities, and in the Southern States, where but little can be produced, and in Europe, will always make fruit growing a profitable business here.

Our climate and soils are congenial to the successful production of a greater variety of farm products, including grains, grasses, animals, roots, fruits, vegetables, &c., than almost any other portion of the known world. Our hills abound in minerals to an unlimited extent of the most valuable kinds.

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Further Particulars of the Deaths of the Ocean Wave.  
About one o'clock on the morning of the 30th ult., the steamer 'Ocean Wave' on her passage from Hamilton to Ogdenburg, was discovered to be on fire about 8 miles above the Ducks Landing, and 2 miles from the main shore.

The escape of Mrs. Stevenson wife of Jas. Stevenson, Esq., of the Branch Bank of Montreal in Hamilton, was very extraordinary one. She was sleeping in a state-room with her little daughter when she was alarmed by the cries of the passengers. She rushed to the adjoining stateroom where her two young sons and her husband were sleeping, failing to make them hear her by calling she burst into the door only to find them suffocated by the smoke.

These are more profitable attractions than some that may perchance be held out at East Ironton.  
Respectfully submitted,  
H. N. GILLET,  
THOS. GARDNER, Committee.  
E. W. WAKEFIELD.

An Eloquent Extract.  
The following eloquent remarks are extracted from the speech of Sergeant Talbot, on behalf of the defendant in the celebrated case of Hetherington vs. Maxon, delivered in London, on the 23d of June, 1841.

It was impossible to get at the boats as the fire was first observed on the upper decks, and in about half an hour the whole of the upper cabin or saloon was consumed. The passengers threw themselves out on planks and such things as they could get their hands on.

Some made for shore (we were about two miles from shore) others remained clinging to the boat, and those that did so were saved—in number, four cabin passengers, 14 of the crew, and the purser. About half past 4 we were delivered from our perilous situation by the schooner Emblem of Bronte, Capt. Bolger, and the Georgiana, Port Dover, Capt. Henderson, to whose exertion, through Almighty God, we owe our lives and we would now most cheerfully tender them our most sincere thanks for their timely assistance and also for their kindness and attention to our several wants and particular to Capt. Bolger, of the Emblem, for the prompt measures he took to return with us to Kingston; and we now ask of the Almighty God to protect his aid, and his in like manner as he has done to us.

Designs of France upon the Sandwich Islands.  
The Providence Journal of Monday contains a communication which states that 'Private letters of recent date from Peru bring very important intelligence concerning these islands. The independence of the young kingdom is seriously threatened, and urgent demands for assistance have been forwarded to Washington, asking protection against the impending danger.'

The greatest great man of the age in the man who broke the grate and got out of jail at Rockville.  
Capt. C. was in Cleveland some days since and while promenading the street, he espied a quarter on the pavement. He picked it up, but finding that it was 'crossed' he put it down again, saying: 'I'll be damned if I'll take the five cents!'

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